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Johnson Journal

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Mid-Winter, 1935

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# THE JOHNSON JOURNAL

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## EDITOR'S PAGE



## SUCCESS

How often have we heard that inevitable word called success being discussed among us! Whenever we are talking about some admirable character, we are directly or indirectly praising his success. The very mention of success kindles our minds to interest, for it is something which every one of us hopes to obtain.

We think of success as placing our name in the Hall of Fame, as obtaining a high responsible position, as amassing a vast fortune, or as having people point us out as being So and So. But is this really success?

Perhaps many of us will never become famous in the eyes of the world or rich in worldly goods. Still everyone has the power to be a success. It is not concerned with the rest of the world. The teachers, your parents, and your friends encourage you, but it is altogether up

to you yourself whether you are a success or not. The true success is the person who, when he comes to the end of the trail, can truthfully say to himself, "You have tried and done your best, never dropping back because of difficulties or disappointments. You have never been a quitter."

The best way I know of obtaining success is to do every task to the best of one's ability, to be faithful to one's friends, and true to one's ideals. In order that one may find the going easier on this road, which is not an easy one, there is no better place than school to form a habit of reliability, diligence, and independence. Form a habit of reliability so that you can be depended upon by anyone. Strengthen the habit of doing everything as much as possible by yourself. Then you will be on the right road to success.

Thomas Ceplikas '35



## LITERARY



## MY FIRST REPORT CARD

It is a week before the distribution of report cards. A vague feeling comes over me. Oh! I know! It's the imp of uncertainty. I am especially attentive and serious in class. Every night after supper I become submerged in a mass of

books. I work industriously till late at night. In class I present such an air of innocence, industry, and woe-begoneness that even the hardest hearted teacher pities me. Did I pass that French test we had before marks closed? I wonder. My knees shake and strange qualms

as

enough! I ought to get good marks. I wonder if teacher gave me zero for failing in class so many times last week. It doesn't happen very often, though. At last the day arrives. I watch with a stricken air as the cards are handed out.. At last my name is called. I wonder if Mother is going to be disappointed in my card. I shut my eyes, pull the card out from the envelope, and look. Oh! Oh! A vast sigh of relief escapes me. The imp retires for another six weeks. I knew I was doing well anyhow.

Mildred Bara '36

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### AFTER THE AUTOMOBILE, WHAT?

The great minds of the world are at work on the subject of what will come after the automobile, just as much as are many imaginations. Who can tell what it will be? Will it be a streamlined vehicle that can go either on air or earth and will run on some marvelous new fuel, or will it be a machine that will shoot through tubes underground? The first type seems to me to be the one I can best imagine.

Sometimes when I am alone I daydream of these things. I can sometimes see a car in the shape of a bullet propelled by the force of disintegrating atoms. It would travel at very high speed over the surface of the earth on wonderful smooth highways. When one of these machines met another it would just fly over it. It would have nice soft cushions and would be so easy to control that anyone could drive it. I can see thousands of them flashing over the beautiful shiny highways with other thousands fly-

large commercial planes that are run by the same force but with much more power. The cities would have mammoth sky scrapers that would have ejectors on the top to start these machines.

These ideas may seem fantastical but science is progressing so rapidly one hardly knows what to expect.

Mason Downing '37

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### A DAY IN THE WOODS

The quiet solitude of the surrounding atmosphere seemed to wrap me in a cloak of peace as I strolled through the woods. A soft but slightly cold winter wind whistled softly in the trees overhead, whispering to the birds who had stayed to face winter. A nearby lake no longer rippled in protest as the wind visited it, but now was firm and solid, covered with a thick coat of ice.

The stillness of the atmosphere seemed to enter every living person and set them to quiet thinking. As I stood looking around, it seemed that I was standing in a winter wonderland.

The trees, very stately in their new suits of white, seemed like tall white ghosts. The clear afternoon sun shone brightly on the trees and played tricks with the snow, making it seem that millions of little crystals swam in a sea of white.

This did not last long, however, for soon shadows began to creep slowly across the ground, informing us that the sun was setting. The shadows changed from gray to deep rose and orange as the sun slowly sank behind a hill, showing us the real beauty of a winter sunset.

black shadows, the spell breaks and with reluctance I wend my way home.

Evelyn Clark '37

### LADY SLIPPER

The lady slipper is so tall  
She overlooks the woods and all.  
She holds her head up so high  
And talks to no one but the sky.  
She tells the sky her secrets too,  
Her dreams and thoughts and  
stories true.

Olga Ceplikas '37

### A PLEASANT TALK

Time: About noon on Saturday,  
a cool day in November.

Place: A busy section.

Characters: Mr. Grayson (an  
automobilist) and little Tommy  
showing the way to James & Com-  
pany.

\* \* \*

Automobilist (stopping a few feet  
a way from Tommy): "Hello,  
youngster! Could you please tell  
me where I could find the James &  
Company Storehouse?"

Tommy (afraid at first): "Ah-er-  
er (then seeing Mr. Grayson smile)  
Oh, sure! To the James & Com-  
pany did you say?"

Mr. Grayson: "Yes, please."

Tommy: "Well, you turn up Watt  
Street, that's where Jimmie Smith  
lives and his five brothers and three  
sisters. They are always fighting  
and screaming and always want to  
see my airplanes and trucks. You  
see I got about a hundred of them,  
but now and then a few of them  
are gone. You can't miss the  
house."

Mr. Grayson: "What street did  
you say, please?"

Mr. Grayson: "What street?"

Tommy: "Watt Street."

Mr. Grayson: "Listen, boy, that's  
what I'm asking you."

Tommy: "I know, sir, I told you  
the name about five times. W-a-t-t  
S-t-r-e-e-t."

Mr. Grayson: "Oh, I'm very  
sorry, but where do I go from  
there?"

Tommy: "Well, you turn up to  
your right, I think it's the right, but  
if you see a big yellow house on the  
corner and a big fat kid looking  
out of the window, you'll know  
you're on the right street. Then to  
Somerset Avenue by—" (Mr. Gray-  
son interrupts a moment.)

Mr. Grayson: "Excuse me a mo-  
ment, but why is the boy looking  
out of the window? Doesn't he go  
to school?"

Tommy: "No, he doesn't go to  
school. He's lucky, he got the  
mumps."

Mr. Grayson: "Oh, I see. I  
guess I won't miss him. I'll go  
up Watt Street, then to my right,  
up Somerset Avenue, and where do  
I go from there?"

Tommy (not saucy): "I was just  
going to tell you. Are you in a  
hurry?"

Mr. Grayson: "Yes, I have to get  
there before 2:00 o'clock and it's  
almost 1:30 now. About how many  
miles is it from here?"

Tommy: "Well er-ah-er I guess  
it's about three miles. (Then smil-  
ing) If you go far enough you will  
see all the airplanes."

Mr. Grayson: "Well hurry, I have  
to be going. I'll see your airplanes  
some other time."

Tommy: "When you go up  
Somerset Avenue you'll see the five  
and ten cent store, that's where all

the trucks and airplanes are. Well, you turn up an alley and you're there."

Mr. Grayson: "Where?" (looking puzzled)

Tommy (smiling): "Where you want to go."

Mr. Grayson: "To the Jame & Company?"

Tommy: "Yes, that's right."

Mr. Grayson: "Well, thank you very much. You have indeed been a great help. Good-bye."

Tommy: "I am very glad to have helped you, good-bye." (Shakes hands)

Tommy (after Mr. Grayson has gone he mutters to himself): "I hope he gets there."

To Mr. Grayson's great astonishment, just after passing the next corner, he spies a sign with its massive letters, James & Company Storehouse.

Velma Lynch '38

### THE STORM'S VICTORY

The faint light forcing its way through the raging storm scarcely unveiled the weary world from the darkness in which it was wrapped. The storm was threatening to break all existing cold records. It swept over the earth with the wind at its greatest velocity, covering it with a deep layer of snow. If one looked out upon the dawn of this new day, he would hardly realize that the night was over.

No one wished to go out in a storm like this. No one even wished to leave his warm bed.

However, the whirling, biting wind at this moment was sending the icy threads of snow upon one man who was defiantly plowing his way through the deep snow. No

paths helped him in his progress. His sturdy figure was bent against the wind. His clothes were coated with an icy covering of white. His face was extremely red from the sting of the cold wind.

The storm king was now playing a greater part than any wild, battling, prehistoric animal. A monster, angered and disturbed by the defiance of this small creature, it swept on with greater rage and fury. The man shivered at the terrific force of the wind. He shielded his eyes from the fury of the monster who was blowing with greater force and power than before. The only shelter in sight was a big wide oak and he slowly made his way to it.

"Curse that wind," he grumbled as he was regaining his breath. "I don't doubt that it knows what I've been doing lately. I won't turn back. It won't get the best of me now. This is my punishment for mistreating her."

He plunged headfirst into the wind again and proceeded stubbornly toward his destination. The cold and numbness in his feet filled him with rage and several times he laughed hysterically.

"Perhaps Jack lied to me about that job. I've been a fool if he has. No one else would have gotten it on a day like this anyway." Time and time again these thoughts ran through his mind.

He had now plowed his way to a vicinity where the houses were closer together. His goal was only about a mile away. He was no longer as fresh as when he started. His pace was slower, his limbs were tired and aching. Nevertheless he toiled on toward his goal, urged by its nearness.

The fury of the wind was slightly

less here. The snowdrifts, however, were much larger, due to the snow which had been blown down from the roofs.

While he was plowing his way through the snow, faint sobs were coming from one of the rooms of his wretched house, while the children were seated around the table eating their breakfast. The stillness was broken only by the faint sobs of their mother as they quietly ate their meal. She was greatly disturbed and worried over her husband's safety.

"I hope he doesn't come back any more," the twelve-year old boy, their oldest son, exclaimed breaking the silence. "He won't make my mother cry again. Next time he bothers her I'll——."

"He's been like this for the past two weeks," his eleven year old sister interrupted him. "Why doesn't he get a job like other people do after they lose one? Then he won't have time to bother us."

"If I was as big as one of you I'd show him," the eight-year old youngster exclaimed.

Meanwhile, the wife pulled herself together and began her usual housework.

The small clock in the kitchen had slowly ticked away hour after hour until it was now four o'clock. The storm had stopped a few hours ago and the wind had calmed down.

A great anxiety had steadily grown in the wife's heart. Even the memory of the events of the past weeks could not extinguish it. The children looked worriedly at the clock, back to their play, and now and then towards their mother. The mother had concealed her worry as much as possible and had tried to

continue her work in her usual manner.

The stillness, except for the chatter of the children, was disturbed by the tramping of feet on the piazza. A radiant glow immediately appeared in everyone's eyes, but everyone instinctively took up what they were doing again.

The door began to open slowly. The children glancing from their play wondered if it could possibly open any more slowly.

The conqueror of the storm stood upon the threshold of judgment. His face bore an expression of one seeking sympathy.

"Mother, forgive me," were the only words he managed to say.

It was not long before the uncontrollable tears of the mother came forth. The storm had not raged in vain. It had brought forth a new person and had destroyed the old.

Thomas Ceplikas '35

#### WHEN I TOOK GAS

"Now my boy, just lie back and relax. This won't hurt much." That was the doctor speaking in a stern calm voice. I lay on the operating table in a very clean operating room waiting to be killed. I was to have some rust removed from a scar that years before had been a small cut. I didn't know why a little rust made any difference and I was in the midst of this thought when a cloth was put over my eyes and a mask over my mouth and nose.

The mask was held down tightly and seemed like a fire breathing dragon, but the fire smelled sweet. In what seemed like one second, all the world came down upon my head and two huge iron balls which hung

If you are racing from a cop,  
And then, when it zig-zags away,  
It makes its riders want to pray,  
A shaky rig; and yet, in spite,  
It always gets you home all right.  
Poems are made by fools like me,  
But only Ford a Model T.

*The Meteor*, Berlin High School.

JUST A FEW OF THE KICKS

Getting out this magazine is no  
picnic.

If we print jokes, people say we  
are silly.

If we don't, they say we are too  
serious.

If we clip things from other maga-

zines, we are too lazy to write  
them ourselves.

If we don't, we are stuck on our  
own stuff.

If we don't print contributions, we  
don't appreciate true genius; and  
if we print them, the magazine is  
filled with junk.

If we make a change in the other  
fellow's write-up, we are too criti-  
cal.

And if we don't we are asleep.

Now, like as not, some pupils of J.  
H. S. will say we swiped this  
from some other magazine.

WE DID!

*The Blue Moon*, Chelmsford High  
School.

Cass: "Shall I go to a palmist or  
a mind reader?"

Cashman: "It's obvious that you  
have a palm."

Miss Green: "Now, when I sub-  
tract 25 from 37 what's the dif-  
ference?"

Cass: "Yeah! That's what I say,  
who cares?"

Miss Scott: "How many bones  
have you in your body?"

Wilde: "Nine hundred."

Miss Scott: "That's a good many  
more than I have."

Wilde: "Yeah, but you didn't  
have sardines for lunch."

If Your Coal Fire Does Not Burn  
Well

Open the dampers, pour on one  
gallon of gasoline, and you will  
never complain of the cold again.

Miss C. Chapman: "How can you  
tell the horsepower of an engine?"

Champion: "That's easy! Lift up  
the hood and count the plugs."

A man has a variety of ambitions,  
at 4 to wear pants; at 8 to miss  
Sunday School; at 12 to be presi-  
dent; at 20 to take his girl to din-  
ner; at 25 to have the price of a  
dinner; and at 45 to digest a din-  
ner.

Currier: "I knocked them cold in History today."

Benson: "What did you get?"

Currier: "Zero."

Miss Scott: "What is an adult?"

Wilde: "An adult is a person who has stopped growing at both ends and started growing in the middle."

Miss Clara Chapman: "This poison is so vital that three drops on the tongue of a dog will kill a man in three seconds."

McEvoy: "May I have this dance?"

Pat McCarthy: "Sure, if you can find a partner."

Kasheta: "But I a, it isn't my fault, the boy below me got expelled."

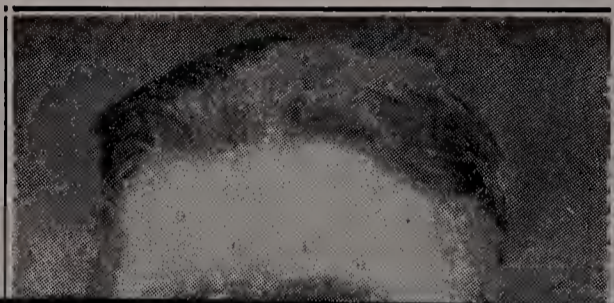
#### Naturalization

"Next!" "Who, me?" "Born?" "Yes, Sir." "Where?" "Russia." "What part?" "All of me." "Why did you leave Russia?" "I couldn't take it with me." "Where were your forefathers born?" "I only have one father." "Your business?" "Rotten." "Where is Washington?" "He's dead." "I mean the capitol of the United States." "They loaned it all to Europe." "Now, do you promise to support the Constitution?" "Me? How can I? I have a wife and six children to support."

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